

WHERE WISE MEN LIVED.

OUR OLD FRIEND PELLAM WANTS US THROUGH CONCORD.

Where Thoreau and the Alcotts Died—Hawthorne's "Old Manse"—The School of Philosophy—Sleepy Hollow Cemetery—Emerson's Grave—Curious Epitaphs.

On a certain fine day in the fine month of September I set forth on a pilgrimage, which I had been anticipating ever since being in Boston, to the little town of Concord, Mass.—Concord, the picturesque, the centre of so much literary and historic interest, the home of the School of Philosophy and the habitat of the Concord grape.

The distance from Boston is about twenty miles by railway and both the Fitchburg and Boston and Maine roads go here. In taking either road one leaves from the new Union station on Causeway street. In this case I boarded a Fitchburg train, on number ten track, and was soon landed at my objective point.

On stepping from the Concord station one is at once reminded of the associations of the place by seeing that he is upon "Thoreau" street. Thence making one's way up through the quiet streets, now thickly covered with autumn leaves, one soon comes upon objects of interest. The third house on Main street is the one in which Thoreau died, after living in it for some years, and is now the property of Mrs. Pratt, the "Meg" of "Little Women." Here also Mrs. Alcott died and Louisa Alcott lived during the most successful part of her career. Not far distant is the excellent public library, which contains much of interest relating to the history of Concord and its people.

Crossing the square, in which stands the monument raised to the memory of soldiers who fell in the civil war, and about which are many buildings of historic interest, the scene of the old Concord fight is reached. At Lexington, and here at Concord bridge, were those first shots fired which ushered in the war of the revolution. A granite monument marks the place where the British formed at the Concord end of the North bridge. At the other end of the bridge stands the statue of the minute-man in the act of leaving his plough, and grasping in his right hand his old flint-lock musket. This figure is the work of Mr. French of Concord. Between the two monuments flows peacefully (if it flows at all) the quaint quiet Concord river. I observed some anglers on this stream and asking a small boy, who was near at hand what fish were now caught there, I got the interesting reply that there were pickerel, perch, black bass, horn-pout, kivers and shiners.

Not far from the bank of the river stands a house bearing evidence of the fighting in the shape of a bullet-hole through the side of it. The place is carefully marked out, and, as a resident of the place remarked to me, whatever became of the house this hole would be always carefully preserved. There is another hole, however, with a more or less authentic record, right through one of the old grave-stones in the old Hillside cemetery.

Looking across the road from the bullet-hole house the thoughts are at once turned from scenes of war to things of calm and peace, for there stands the famous Old Manse where Hawthorne lived for a time and where he wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse." In it yet is the small square room, with high wainscot and oaken beams, where the ghost used to appear and where on a winter night, the door-latch used to lift without human aid and a gush of cold air swept into the room. This Old Manse was also, at different times, the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and from one of its windows Emerson's grandfather, the Reverend William Emerson, is said to have watched the fight at the York Bridge.

Turning from this interesting spot I next visited Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Here on Ridge Path, are graves to which many pilgrims come. Here is the grave of Emerson, between two great pines, and with the great piece of unburnt quartz rock for its monument. There was no inscription, until quite recently, when a bronze tablet was set in the rock bearing the following:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Born in Boston, May 25, 1803. Died in Concord, April 27, 1882. The passive master lent his hand To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

Ambitious boys offer for sale chips of the stone made in cutting for the tablet. The grave of Nathaniel Hawthorne is here, surrounded by a green hedge and marked by a small stone, inscribed only: "Hawthorne." Right opposite are the five Alcott graves, marked only by the initials, L. M. A., M. A. N., E. S. A., A. M. A., and A. B. A., with the dates of birth and death. Close at hand is the grave of the gentle Henry D. Thoreau and also that of his brother, John.

Besides the new Sleepy Hollow Cemetery there are two old burying grounds in Concord which contain many interesting records. In the old Hillside Cemetery there is a stone dated back to 1623. Here is the grave of the Rev. Wm. Emerson and here also is the well-known grave of the slave, John Jack, with its queer epitaph. Among other singular inscriptions is the following, upon the grave-stone of Char-

lottes Ball, died 1801. It is pathetic as well as philosophical: "My dady and my mammy dears dry up your tears near I must ly till Christ appears."

Leaving the old Hill burying-ground, I next took a walk down what is known, I believe, as the Boston road. This is the same road up which the British Major Pitcairn led his troops from Lexington, and the old Wright tavern, which he entered, is still standing. There, according to the local tradition, he stirred his brandy with his bloody finger and made the pleasant remark that he would stir the rebels' blood before night. He certainly did stir it, and in such a way and to such an extent that they made things very hot for him on his way back to Boston.

About a half mile down the road is the School of Philosophy building. It is not much to outwardly look upon, but great minds have there gathered. The last meeting held there was the memorial to Mr. Alcott, one of its founders and chief supporters. This building stands next to, and in the same enclosure as, the old Orchard House, noted as having been for many years the home of the Alcott family. The house is now owned and occupied by Dr. W. T. Harris, a well-known writer. The flavor of the apples grown about the house is, I can attest, still most excellent.

The next house to this is the Wasside, where Hawthorne lived after his return from Europe. In the rear of the house can still be seen Hawthorne's well-known "walk" and in the wood about here the Alcott "little women" rambled and its groves they peopled with all sorts of imaginary romantic characters. Near at hand also, on the opposite side of the road, is the Emerson house—a plain, square, wooden structure, standing in a grove of pine trees, while tall chestnuts ornament the old-fashioned yard. In this house the great philosopher lived his calm intellectual life and wrote his beautiful essays. One almost expects to see his shining face appear in the doorway or to find him still seated at the table in the plain study. No doubt his spirit still haunts there.

A short distance from here is the residence of a Mr. Bull. He is not a philosopher or a poet, but he invented the Concord grape, and the original Concord grape-vine still flourishes in his garden. This grape was produced by hybridizing, and is believed to be a cross between the Isabella and the native wild grape, from which it was obtained. It was first introduced to the public in 1855, and is now quite a popular variety.

On returning to the village from this interesting locality, the next point visited was the Walden lake, or pond rather. This is reached by taking the first road turning to the left, above the Emerson house, and which leads behind Mr. Emerson's famous garden, past the Poor farm, and on to the tall pines back of Thoreau's grove. Under them is a well-known path which turns to the left and goes directly to the site of Thoreau's hut. Here it is said that the naturalist and student lived for eight months at an expense of eight dollars and seventy-six cents, or about one dollar and nine cents per month. He cultivated a crop of beans to supply the small sum needed for his daily wants and devoted nearly all his time to writing and study. Here he was in close communion with nature. All the living things of the forest knew him well. The birds of the air would perch on his shoulders, the rabbits and squirrels climb over him with impunity and the fish of the lake and streams allow themselves to be taken from the water in his hand. This haunt of Thoreau's was the last point of special interest visited.

There are many buildings and places of varied local or historical interest which are not taken into account in these notes. Concord is an interesting spot and there is a whole volume of "Concordia" for those who wish to seek it out. The place is well labeled and monuments and commemorative inscriptions and stones abound. "He who runs may read," and a great many visitors do certainly "run" through the place and leave it with, probably, a very uncertain idea as to just what the difference was between the minute-men and the philosophers or the grape-shot and the Concord grape. "Isn't it cunning," was the delightfully appreciative comment I overheard from the lips of one fair sightseer. One point I noticed, in looking over the old grave-yards, was, that all the graves of the old revolutionary soldiers had been specially marked with iron tablets. This was done on the 19th of last April—"Patriot's day" or "Lexington day," or whatever the new state holiday may eventually be called. It has been said that the people of the United States envy some other nations their record of centuries of great achievements and long for "a history." They certainly seem to take good care of what they have and see that no records of it shall be lost. They are a monument-raising people. They rate monuments to commemorate defeats as well as victories—such, for instance, as the noble shaft on Bunker Hill which marks the place of an English victory. However, as one walks the quiet grounds of Concord (rightly named) his thoughts are apt to be of peace and not of war. All is perfect calm. "Even the horrid clang, clang" of the electric car, as yet, unknown. By forty-five hundred inhabitants do here dwell in peace. The spirits of the philosophers have here triumphed over the demons of war, and my thoughts are rather of the former than the latter as I turn my nose more towards the great "hub of the universe."

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Mr. Leverington writes as follows about his success with this world's best medicine: "I think it my duty with satisfaction from any one, to write in the interests of other sufferers, and give you a testimonial in favor of your most marvellous remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. For more than a year I was suffering from the agonizing pains of sciatica, and after trying all that medical skill could devise, and using many remedies, patent and otherwise, I concluded to try the Hot Springs, Basf, under the able superintendence of Dr. Brett. I took the treatment thoroughly and carefully for six weeks, and came home at the end of that time racked with pain and weighing 45 pounds less. At this juncture, when hope had almost fled, I heard of Paine's Celery Compound. It seemed so good to my case, and I sent to my drug store, Mr. W. G. Higginbotham, of this place, and ordered about it. He recommended I come, and I took a bottle. I soon began to feel better and after taking a second bottle I was a cured man and threw away my crutches.

"I keep a bottle on hand in case of any return of the complaint. I am now 58 years old, and I feel as spry and healthy and free from pain as I ever did in my life. I was born in Norfolk, England, and came to Canada when only 3 years old. I was brought up in the township of Cornwall, Ontario, and came to Manitoba eight years ago. Have always been a farmer, and am now able to do hard work now as ever I was.

"With a heart full of gratitude for the benefits derived from the use of your remedy, and a wish to influence others who may suffer, I gladly and freely indite this letter.

"Rev. Mr. Talbot, Methodist Minister of Elkhorn, can confirm my statements, and will do so if written to by name.

Mr. Higginbotham, the pharmacist and extremely popular druggist of Virden, Manitoba, can confirm my statements, as follows:— "I have known Mr. Leverington for two years or more, and can confirm what he says in regard to his cure by Paine's Celery Compound. Ever since his cure he has been sounding its praises, and he is a perfect enthusiast on the subject of Paine's Celery Compound. I believe him to be thoroughly reliable."

cringe and yield to them are the failures and are not equal to the task of doing great deeds, nor even to bear the daily round of toil. Difficulties have for their object and end the shaping of man's character, and he who comes through them without losing his courage, who can rejoice in obstacles conquered, and with quiet pulse and more watchful eye await the next, who can truly say, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," has learned his lesson well. To him the gods have more than compensated for the toil along the way, and any other difficulties which may rise before him will be undreaded, unfeared.

Ben Wood and Bennett. Ex-Congressman Ben Wood tells characteristic anecdotes of his first meeting with James Gordon Bennett, the editor.

Mr. Wood took an active part in local politics before he was an editor. One day he was introduced, as he thought, by a newspaper reporter, and after the fashion of those days, sought personal acquaintance by giving the editor a physical examination. Mr. Bennett, the Herald, took the matter up, and "Mr. Wood" was mentioned. "I want to know who wrote that article," said Bennett, laid down his pen, and looked up at him seriously and indignantly, named.

"Are you Ben Wood?" "Yes sir; that is my name." "Well, Wood, how old are you?" "I am nearly 20."

"Indeed," rejoined Mr. Bennett, with the broad Scotch accent, "Well, Mr. Wood, don't you think a great thing for a man as young as you are to be dignified and advertised by a notice in the editorial page of the Herald? My dear sir, I congratulate you."

Mr. Wood was taken aback with this lack of wit of the thing. The two men had a friendly chat, and the man who had come in angry went away in high good humor and with the editor's blessing.

The Force of Law. Labor Day Legend—"Less Law, More Justice!" A dignified wool-covered brain Sits upon life's benches. T. tends box best to hide Him who upon the law most trenches.

The law says you must pay your debts. Rejection of all law demands. The law allows you to appear And swear you cannot pay your bills.

The dignity of law must be Sustained and upheld at all hazards. This every link of law demands. Must dress superior to all haggards. And thus appearing and contending, In flowing robes to ground descending, They do assume a saintly garb That sometimes screens the worst offending.

The jury still as sea dogs sit And listen to the palovar As sometimes ends in wrathful words Allowed not in law's calendar.

ALL OVER THE WORLD NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURES COUGHS & COLDS. Image of a globe with pine trees.

THE FAIRIES. HELP TO MAKE BABY'S OWN SOAP? IT'S SO NICE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MFRS., MONTREAL. Image of a woman with a child.

Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$4.50 additional. Image of book spines.

"THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD. THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. these are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements. Image of a typewriter.